

I've Still Got a Few Stoick Impersonations Left In Me

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Summary: Hiccup and Astrid's first child is on the way and due any day. Hiccup is having a hard time with the absence of his father and so is Astrid. One evening Astrid climbs into bed to console a clearly troubled Hiccup and they both end up bawling their eyes out.

I've Still Got a Few Stoick Impersonations Left In Me

A little Hiccstrid drabble consisting of a grieving Hiccup and Astrid, as well as a pregnant Astrid. Also Stoick impersonations and lots of crying by me contains spoilers

"What are you thinking about?"

Astrid's tender voice reached Hiccup's ears as she crawled onto the bed to sit behind him. Her hands reached around his shoulders as she laid her cheek on his back. He could feel her round, pregnant belly pressing into his spine. Astrid was hugely pregnant, she was due any day. The village midwife said that most signs pointed to a boy, but it could still be a girl. Hiccup and Astrid liked the surprise of it.

Hiccup sighed and reached up to cover one of Astrid's hands with his own. "Just, my dad, you know? I never thought he wouldn't be here for this." Hiccup's eyes burned with tears as his voice grew thick. "I never thought he wouldn't be here for any of it. The wedding, our baby. It's just that I always thought he would be around. I feel like I took him for granted. I justâ€¦ I just wish he could be here. I miss him so much."

Hiccup could practically sense Astrid's heart break behind him. "Oh Hiccup," she breathed. She moved in front of him and knelt on their bed and grasped his hands, big belly out in front of her. A tear spilt on to her cheek, to match the one on Hiccup's. "I miss him too. I wish he was here. We all do. But you have to understand that he

would be so proud of you. Of us. He would be so excited to see this baby. He would want you to be happy, and to move on with your life. Can you imagine what he would say right now, if he saw you moping over him like this?" Astrid's lips curved upwards as she cupped her husband's face in her hand. "Can you?" she asked again, softly.

Hiccup took in a shuddery breath, and then spoke, with a heavy Scottish brogue. "Hiccup, what are you doin'? You should be celebrating the imminent birth of your child, not cryin' over a grumpy old man like me."

Astrid spoke softly with her Hiccup impersonation. "I know, Dad. I miss you. I wish so much that you could be here."

Hiccup's voice broke as he continued. "Don't you know, son? I'm always there with you."

Astrid burst into tears and clutched Hiccup close to her as he sobbed into her neck. They held each other tight until there were no more tears to be shed.

"Hiccup?" Astrid asked, her voice trembling.

"What is it?" Hiccup answered, wiping the final tears from Astrid's face.

"If our baby is a boy, can we name it Stoick?"

Hiccup's face softened as he leaned forward and placed his cheek on her forehead. "Of course. I like that. Dad would be honored."

Astrid nodded and leaned into Hiccup. He lowered his back to the bed and Astrid followed him until they were lying there together with her head on his chest and one of his hands placed lovingly on her abdomen. He instantly felt the baby kick his fingers, hard.

"Oh, wow," Astrid and Hiccup laughed at the same time.

"That was hard," Hiccup remarked.

"Any day now," Astrid said with a smile on her face before slowly closing her eyes and falling asleep.

If I maybe get a request for it, I'll write little Stoick's birth. To be honest I'll probably write it anyway but it would be nice to know someone wanted it.

This is my first Hiccstrid fanfic!

End
file.